Anthony Bleeker

THE PASTIME.

(A LITERARY PAPER.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

ON EXPRESSING OPINIONS.

THERE is no part in the drama of life, which requires a greater exercise of judgment than that which relates to the expressing of opinions. In respect of this, there are two extremes, which appear to be equally dangerous: the one, a too great freedom and boldness in declaring one's own sentiments; the other, a timid and obsequious assent to whatever is avowed by other men. Into these extremes mankind are exceedingly prone to fall.

It needs no sagacity of discernment to discover the folly of that unsparing independency of speaking, in which we see so many indulge. The unworthiness of the motives which usually give it licence, is, likewise, no less apparent than its folly. It springs from a ridiculous notion of consequence and self-sufficiency in him who uses it; whence it becomes doubly offensive. At the same time that we feel injured by its harshness, or insulted by its indecency, we have, moreover, to be disgusted with the contemptible vanity from which it proceeds.

That obliging conduct, it is true, that meek and accommodating deportment, which has been mentioned, does not always originate from censurable motives. On the contrary, it often proceeds from an amiable delicacy of temper, or generous fear of offending. This consideration, however, can neither come in excuse of such conduct, nor avert the evil of its consequences. That delicacy, though amiable in itself, yet when suffered to gain too great an influence over the manners of life, becomes fastidious and needs to be checked. It is easily seen what difficulties will inevitably result from a very considerable indulgence of it. If the minds of men had not been made to differ, it would be otherwise; but as there is no uniformity in the opinions of mankind, so, if, for civility or compliment's sake, we accustom ourselves to make the smallest sacrifice of sentiment to the various notions of those with whom we are conversant; we shall be continually liable to the charge of inconsistency. The world is invidious, and delighted with finding flaws in the characters of the individuals who compose it. The world will mark the concessions we may make to different persons, and justly despise us, if those concessions do not agree.

On the whole, the great desideratum seems to be, to support a manly conduct, and yet an inoffensive one. In order to the former, we must always speak our own sentiments; and if we do this with suitable candour and liberality, we cannot incur a deserved reproach for a desertion of the latter.

W.

HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

For the Pastime.

NOTICE OF MRS. FAUGIERES,

AN AMERICAN POETESS.

MARGARETTA V. FAUGIERES, a lady of distinguished literary accomplishments. was the daughter of John L. Bleecker, Esq. of New Rochelle, in this State, and of Ann Eliza Bleecker, the celebrated poetess. She was born about the year 1771, and spent the morning of her life with her parents, at the beautiful little village of Tomhanick, about eighteen miles above Albany. In this pleasant retirement, Mrs. Bleecker devoted the greater part of her time to the delightful task of instructing her daughters. Margaretta profited by her attentions. She made rapid advances in useful learning, and became a proficient in poetical composition. We have seen some pieces written while she resided at this village, which would not have disgraced maturity.

On the evacuation of New-York by the British in 1783, her father removed with his family to the city. Soon after, Mrs. Bleecker died. To Margaretta the loss was irreparable ; for she was just entering on that period of life when the counsels of a prudent mother are, to a young lady, most necessary and important. But she had already treasured up the instructions of her amiable parent ; she had already placed her example before her as the pattern of her imitation, and the rule of her conduct. Above all, she had early imbibed from her departed mother those sentiments of religion which afterwards comforted her in misery, and enabled her to meet it with composure, and endure it with fortitude.

Her father, Mr. Bleecker, was a man of wealth and respectability. To Margaretta he was tenderly attached. Polite, easy, and affable in her manners ; happy in the sweetness and equanimity of her temper ; lively, engaging, and witty, in conversation ; and uniformly diffusing all around her, that cheerfulness and serenity for which she was herself so remarkable, she had many admirers ; and among these there were some whose characters and connections would have justified in the father's opinion, their pretensions to the hand of his accomplished daughter. But it was her misfortune to choose for herself, and from that moment she became the daughter of adversity. She had placed her affections on a young gentleman of dissipated habits, and to him, notwithstanding the most earnest remonstrances of her father and friends, her only fault, she was united in 1792.

The person to whom we allude, the late Mr. Faugieres of New-York, possessed many external accomplishments, good talents, and a genteel education. As we wish not to wound the feelings of his relatives, we shall touch lightly on the frailties of this imprudent youth. Thus much, however, we cannot omit. The fears of his wife's friends were prophetic— his habits of dissipation could not be eradicated : in a very few years the ample fortune which he received with Mrs. Faugieres was squandered ; and it was not long before he involved this invaluable woman, with himself, in extreme penury and distress.

Conscious that her marriage was offensive to her father, Mrs. Faugieres had become a voluntary exile from his house. Yet we are told that the arm of his affectionate solicitude was frequently stretched forth to shield her from distress, and avert the piercing blasts of adversity. Misfortunes, however, pressed heavily upon her. Calamity followed calamity in rapid succession, and as if something was yet wanting to fill up the cup of her affliction, in 1795, she lost this only friend, this kind and affectionate father. From that moment her situation, bad as it was, became still worse. Poverty stared her steadily in the face ; and in the summer of 1796, we find her, whose morn of life was happy, and brightened by the most flattering prospects of the

future, glad to procure a dwelling in a small garret, where, with the author of her woes and one child, she remained for several weeks. But even here she maintained her cheerfulness, and not a murmur nor a sigh escaped her.

From her infancy Mrs. Faugieres amused herself with poetical composition; and for the last seven or eight years of her life, her productions occasionally enriched the miscellanies of the day. In 1795, or 6, she published the Tragedy of *Belisarius*. This dramatic essay was read with delight by the admirers of that species of writing; and as it pourtrayed in the most lively colours the strange vicissitudes which chequered the life of its hero, it could not fail to be extremely interesting.

In the fatal autumn of 1798, her husband was one of the many hundreds who fell victims to the devouring pestilence. Soon after his death, his father took their two infant children under his own care, and Mrs. Faugieres engaged as an assistant in a young lady's academy in New-Brunswick. By the variety and extent of her talents, and the remarkable sweetness of her temper, she was perfectly qualified for the undertaking. The young ladies were enthusiastically attached to their accomplished tutoress, and their progress in good morals and elegant literature, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of their friends. After spending upwards of a year at New-Brunswick, she was induced to undertake the education of some gentlemen's children in Brooklyn, that she might be nearer to her own children and friends in New-York. She was soon, however, obliged to resign her delightful task. Her constitution was under a rapid decline, and her strength failed—In an enfeebled condition she was received with open arms by a friend in New-York, who used every exertion to promote her recovery—but to no purpose. Her disease was rapid in its progress, and her hopes of relief were placed beyond the grave. With serenity she hailed the closing scene, and, animated by the consoling truths of religion, composedly yielded her spirit to its omniscient creator, January 9th, 1801, aged 29 years.

[In a new country it is pleasing to trace the gradations of improvement. The progress of science especially deserves attention. From the dawn of literature, nations may date their existence. Uncultivated, men are mere savages. They associate indeed; but it is like the herding of beasts—They can satisfy their wants, but it is the mere instinct of nature. Knowledge is the link of society, the mother of all rational enjoyment. Without it, we are beneath the brutes; with it, we are next the angels.

The United States have been singularly favored. Their liberty, like the Minerva of ancient fable, was generated by superior intellect. Since the birth of the republic, literature has been carefully cultivated, and to enlighten the people was the first care of our patriots.

We wish to trace the progress of those institutions to which we owe our national improvement. The history of literature is the history of mind, and mind is celestial. We invite our correspondents to imitate the obliging friend who has favoured us with the following.]

For the Pastime.

NEW-YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY.

The New-York Society Library took its origin from an Association formed in 1754, by a number of Gentlemen, inhabitants of New-York. Each member agreed to pay five pounds on entering; and ten shillings annually, on the first of May. They resolved to elect twelve trustees on the last Tuesday of April, every year, who were to manage the business of the Library, and to make the requisite rules and regulations for loaning books.

Experience having shewn the usefulness of this Institution, a charter was granted to its members by Governor Tryon, in 1772, constituting them a corporation by the name of

the New-York Society Library, and confirming the rules contained in the articles of association.

The Library flourished until the late revolutionary war. When the British Army took New-York, the books, amounting to nearly 2000 volumes, were concealed in an apartment of the City-Hall. But they were discovered by the British Soldiers and carried off.

Some time after the American Revolution, a number of the former members endeavoured to renew the Library. For this purpose in 1789 they procured an act of the State Legislature, confirming their former charter. Since this time the library has increased; so that it now contains about ten thousand, three hundred volumes.

The only funds of the Library are the monies arising from the sale of Shares, and the annual payments on them. These payments, in 1801, bore so small a proportion to the price of Books, that the Trustees were obliged to apply to the Legislature for power to increase the annual payment on each Share to two dollars and fifty cents. A law to this effect was passed in 1801.

Since the first establishment of this Institution, it has not been thought necessary to loan the Books to any but Subscribers. The terms of subscription are so very low, that any person desirous of partaking of its benefits, may easily comply with them.

Any person may become a member by paying twenty dollars on entering, and two dollars and fifty cents annually.

Every member may take one folio, or one quarto, or three octavo, or six duodecimo volumes, at a time; which he may retain six, four, three, or two weeks, according to their size.

The books belonging to the Society are deposited in a large brick building in Nassau-street, which was erected by the Trustees in 1794.

The present Officers are

TRUSTEES.

Matthew Clarkson,	*Wm. Denning,*
Egbert Benson,	*Charles Wilkes,*
John Kemp,	*Peter Wilson,*
William Johnson,	*Daniel Phœnix,*
Samuel L. Mitchell,	*Daniel M'Cormick,*
John Stevens,	*Benjamin Moore.*

Daniel Phœnix, *Treasurer.*

J. Forbes, *Secretary and Librarian.*

Mr. FAY'S ORATION.

[The following extracts from the Oration of Joseph D. Fay, Esq. do honour to the talents of that gentleman. We have long known him as a man of letters, morals and genius; a philanthropist and a scholar. He now appears in a new character, and even his political enemies confess that the robes of the Orator become him.]

FROM THE AMERICAN CITIZEN.

On Wednesday, April 13, agreeably to a notice issued by the Wallabout committee of Tammany Society, the corner stone of the vault which is to contain the relics of the American prisoners who perished on board the Prison Ships of the British during the revolution, was laid. The procession was formed at the old Ferry at about half past 11 o'clock, and marched up Main-street, through Sands', Bridge, York, and Jackson-streets, to the ground, in the following order, under the directions of Major Aycrigg, who acted as Grand Marshal of the day:—

1. A company of U. States marines, under the command of lieutenant commandant Johnson.
2. A body of Citizens.
3. Committees of different Societies.
4. The Grand Sachem of Tammany Society, the Father of the Council, and the Orator of the day.
5. The Wallabout Committee, preceded by the corner stone drawn on a carriage.
6. A detachment of Captain Buckmaster's company of Artillery, under the command of Lieut. Townsend.

When the front of the procession arrived at the ground, it opened to the right and left, and the remainder marched up in inverted order. The detachment of ar-

tillery filed off and took post on a hill adjacent to the place of interment. The colors being planted and the company of marines having taken their station, Benjamin Romaine, Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society, accompanied by the master builders and the Wallabout committee, performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the vault. The eye of every spectator was anxiously turned upon the scene. The most profound silence prevailed. It was a moment big with patriotic, and exalted and enthusiastic feeling. It seemed that the recollections and sensibilities of America were concentered—and that the debt of gratitude to the memory of 11,000 of her brave but unfortunate defenders which it belonged to the nation to discharge, was about to be cancelled.

The following is the inscription upon the stone:

"IN THE NAME OF THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED FREE—SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THAT PORTION OF AMERICAN SEAMEN, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS WHO PERISHED ON BOARD THE PRISON SHIPS OF THE BRITISH AT THE WALLABOUT DURING THE REVOLUTION.

"This is the corner stone of the vault erected by the Tammany Society or Columbian Order, which is to contain their remains. The ground for which was bestowed by John Jackson—Nassau Island, season of blossoms. Year of the discovery the 316th, of the institution the 19th, and of American Independence the 22d. April 6, 1808.

Jacob Vandervoort,
John Jackson,
Burdett Stryker, } Wallabout
Isachar Cozzins,
Robert Townsend, jr. } Committee.
Benjamin Watson,
Samuel Cowdrey,

David and *Wm. Campbell,* Builders.

Immediately after the stone was laid the corps of marines and the detachment of artillery, discharged by alternate firings, a national salute, in honor of the occasion. A solemn air was then performed by the bands of martial music. The corps of marines wheeled in front of the stand erected for the orator. The detachment of artillery surrounding the same, and the citizens, to the number of nearly two thousand, forming a circle round the scite of the vault. JOSEPH D. FAY, ESQ. then rose and addressed the assemblage in a speech highly animated and appropriate. The pictures which he drew of the sufferings of the heroes and martyrs of American liberty, were painted to the life. The feelings and sentiments of former times were revived at his descriptions. Many of the survivors of British cruelty were present, and to the tears of sympathy which others shed, added those of bitter remembrance. The orator had many circumstances in his favor, and he could not fail to improve them. Before him "rolled the wave, which had once been darkened by the black hulks of British prison ships," on board of which many of the best patriots of America had perished by starvation, by poison, torture and every refinement of cruelty which the most malignant ingenuity could invent or inflict. He saw the spot where their bones had been "bleached and mingled with shells and sea weeds on the shore," and the tomb which had opened to receive them. The air was serene—the sky unclouded—Nature appeared to listen and approve. The introduction which he made was beautifully concise and energetic.

"This day," said the speaker, "we place the corner stone of the tomb of the valiant. Too long, has America ungratefully neglected to pay the tribute due to the bravest martyrs in the cause of liberty."

He then adverted to the general sufferings of American prisoners, and instituted a comparison between their situation and that of those of the enemy—and shewed that "while" *spare and be merciful,* "was the injunction of the brave heroes of America, the enemy seemed to say, we know no mercy for rebels, and we spare no *rebel* who has dared to oppose us." He made honorable mention of those of the British commanders who were distinguished for their opposition to the general system of cruelty which prevailed, tho' he could not conceal the indignation which he felt, when he considered that "the spirits of thousands had flown to Heaven on the keen point of barbarity exercised in opposition to the will of that God of Battles whom Britons affected to adore." From general descriptions, over which the minds of his hearers might pass too hastily, or which, from the multiplicity and complication of the groups which composed them, might present no precise object on which to dwell, he descended

to more minute and circumstantial relations. He described the fate of the brave Col. Hayne in a manner the most pathetic and affecting.

"He fell into the hands of the British in 1781. *Lord Rawdon* & *Col. Balfour* resolved to execute him without a trial, and Col. Hayne was informed of the destiny which awaited him, two days before it was to take effect. This cruel determination having no law to sanction it, and being made in defiance of every tender dictate of the heart, awakened the sensibility of America. The commissioned officers under Gen. Green addressed a well written petition recommending retaliation, hoping by that means to prevent the cruelty. Many of the English officers themselves made zealous efforts in his favor. Even beauty engaged in his behalf, for to the honor of America let it be known, that her daughters have displayed in the cause of liberty and humanity, a more than Grecian Virtue. Alas, neither the stern petition of unbending valor, nor the melting prayer of soft eyed beauty, could touch the steeled heart of Rawdon, or turn him a moment from his cruel purpose. Hayne took affecting leave of his wife and relatives, and his last words to his son were, "place me decently in the tomb, and *remember my enemies*."

Passing on to the particular occasion of his address, he thus eloquently described the fate of those victims of British cruelty.

"But the sufferings of those unfortunate Americans whom the dreadful chances of war had destined for the Prison-Ships, were far greater than any which have been told. In that deadly season of the year, when the dog-star rages with relentless fury, when a pure air is specially essential to health, and even the bosom of indolent ease, pants to catch it from the "*turret* and the *hill*," the British locked their prisoners (after long marches) in the dungeons of ships infected with contagion and reeking with the filth of crouded captives *dead* and *dying*. In vain did the terrified prisoner remonstrate and beg for pity. He was hurled alive without mercy into this nauseous grave—and no reasoning, no praying could obtain from his stern tyrants the smallest alleviation of his fate. Yet there was one condition upon which he might be spared the torture of this slow but certain death—and that was enlistment in the service of the enemy. To drive the American prisoners into this measure was one motive for such extraordinary cruelty. And to see with what remorseless ingenuity the lash of torture was wielded on the one hand, and the firmness with which patriotism endured it on the other, strikes the mind with admiration and astonishment.

"In one instance in South-Carolina, after every artifice which cunning could devise had been used to persuade the American prisoners to enlist, after the British officer called *Fraser* had in vain attempted to seduce them by hope and terrify them with threats, he pronounced to them these ever to be remembered words. "Go then, said he, to your dungeons in the prison ships, where you shall *perish* and *rot*; but first let me tell you, that the rations which have been hitherto allowed for your wives and children, shall, from this moment, cease forever! and you shall die assured that *they* are starving in in the public streets, and that *you* are the *authors* of their fate." "A sentence so terribly awful appalled the firm soul of every listening hero. A solemn silence followed the declaration; they cast their wondering eyes one upon the other, and valor for a moment hung suspended between love of family and love of country; love of country at length rose superior to every other consideration, and moved by one impulse, this glorious band of patriots thundered in the astonished ears of their persecutors, *the Prison Ships and Death*, or *Washington and our country*. So magnanimous a resolve, one would suppose, must

have extorted admiration from the most unfeeling enemy and melted the heart of even the untaught savage into tenderness and love. Not so with these *moral* warriors in the cause of kings. Nero relented because his captive was brave. And Dyonisius wept and pardoned the magnanimous sufferer in the cause of friendship. But the virtuous and unexampled firmness of American heroes, served only to increase the rage of their foes, and meagre famine shook hands with haggard pestilence, joining a league to appal, conquer and destroy the glorious spirit of liberty."

In describing the unfeeling conduct of "*one Cunningham*" he thus pourtrays among others an instance of his atrocity.

"This same wretch ordered his minions to strip the clothes from the back of the wife of an American soldier, and caused her to receive many lashes on the naked body, for no other crime than that she wept at the sufferings inflicted on her imprisoned husband."

The orator here threw his whole soul into his voice and exclaimed :—

"Why fell not the red bolt of Heaven on the heads of these monsters in the shape of men? Why did the vengeance of God sleep for a moment upon their bloody crimes? Dark and mysterious are the ways of Providence, and cannot be questioned!! As to the sufferings of those who expired in the prison ships, it will be impossible for the pen to describe, or the tongue to utter them. We may tell you that he who had breathed the pure breezes of the ocean and had danced lightly in the flower-scented air of the meadows and the hill, was on a sudden transferred to the pent-up air of a prison ship, pregnant with putrid fever, and deadly with nauseous contagion. There, in confinement and slavery, without one morsel of food to satisfy hunger, without one drop of water to quench the burning fever of his tongue, he lingered out the tedious, weary day, and anxious, dreadful night, hopeful that death would kindly come and release him from misery. He fainted in the sultry heat of summer, and shivered in the merciless blast of winter. If drink was allowed him, it was deadly as the "green mantle of the standing pool" and for nourishment—they gave him poison. Pestilence and famine could not subdue him—but poison! poison was faithful! See the hero of America marching against the invaders of his *land*—bold in the justice of his cause, appealing to the God of battles, and flushed with hopes of victory. By the mysterious power of heaven, he is cloven down in the field and hurried, with his wounds fresh bleeding, on board the black hulk which darkens yonder wave. As yet health blooms on his cheek, and the vigor of a robust constitution gives grace to his manly form. With an eye of proud disdain, he looks upon his tyrant keepers, and spurns with contempt the insulting offer of ease, and liberty, on the terms of enlistment under his enemy's banners. Confident in his strength, and his fortitude, he believes that the oppressor's arm can never subdue him. Alas! the hour rapidly approaches when this manly form shall wither on the shore—and dogs and eagles shall devour it. The sun sets in the western wave—and darkness rolls about the head of the captive—"silent he listens to the sounding main"—and sighs as he thinks on the high-bosomed partner of his heart. He rises in the fury of his madness, and hopes for means to escape. Alas! there is no hope! The unfeeling centinel, faithful to his trust, paces the deck with an ever watchful eye—the prisoner groans out his life unpitied, unattended!—and the watchman halloos to the passing hour of the night, that "all is well"!!—Hear you not the loud roar of revelry and untimely mirth; the burst of noisy joy which issues from the cabin! The keepers of the prisoners are feasting on delicious viands —and those peals of laughter, are intended to reach to the ear of the reb-

el. The wine and the song—the blood of the victim, and the groan of the captive, are mingled at a feast—and famine, and pestilence attend as servants. It is no fable. Alas! it is too faithful a picture of the manner in which *eleven thousand* heroes have perished!! Think, fellow-citizens, what would be your sensations were you thus called upon to suffer in your country's cause? and you, ye white-armed daughters of America, bright in your beauty, whose "eyes like stars look forward through a rushing shower," how could you bear to reflect on the spirit of a husband and lover thus wounded and broken down?

"More than five and twenty years have rolled away since those heroes fell "like groves in the desert, when an angry ghost rushes through the night and takes their green heads in his hand."

"They preferred a terrible death to a dereliction of principle, and their names are not known to Americans! They suffered, where no eye could admire, and no voice praise, yet their relics had not the rites of sepulchre! They might have added eleven thousand *terrible* soldiers (for terrible they must have been) to the already too powerful enemy of America. They chose to die rather than injure the republic. And the republic hath never yet paid them the tribute of gratitude!

"On this day we lay the corner stone of their tomb. Their ashes hitherto have been blown about like "summers dust in the whirlwind." But the marble column shall rise on this spot, and tell to future ages the story that they had to choose death or slavery, and that they nobly elected the former. Perhaps their spirits are this moment on "the wings of the wind," hovering over our heads, and smiling on the pious tribute we now humbly pay to their memories. In this sepulchre shall their white bones be gathered. It shall overlook the scene of their probation, and be at once a monument of American gratitude and of English barbarity. The curious mariner shall point at it in silent admiration as he passes at a distance, and posterity shall call it "THE TOMB OF THE PATRIOTS."

To state the effects which this address had on the audience is almost impossible—suffice it to say, that it produced alternately the tear of refined sensibility, the silence of indescribable and unutterable indignation, and repeated bursts of applause.

The orator having concluded, the procession returned in inverse order to the place of rendezvous, formed a circle round the Liberty Pole near the market, gave three cheers, and retired.

From the Baltimore North American.

MR. COOPER.

The reader is referred to our columns of this day, for an elegant and just character of Mr. COOPER, as a performer of Tragedy.

It is not the trifling and evanescent flattery of common place remark, but the judgment of a gentleman of accomplished literature, and distinguished genius. It is worthy the respect of the public, and may be valued by the subject of it, should it meet his eye, as none of the least precious testimonies of his unrivalled talents and proficiency in his profession.

MR. COOPER, so long the favourite of the public, has lately attracted an interest to our Theatre by his appearance in some of the principal characters in which he excels. The admirable performances of this gentleman have so frequently been the subject of criticism and praise, that even to speak of them now, may appear superfluous. It is, however, flattering to genius, to enjoy at all times the plaudits of admiration; and a desire to court attention and applause, is often the characteristic of great and shining abilities. Talents as often languish from silence and indifference, as from avowed contempt and disregard. The principle which nourishes the fire of emulation, and prompts to the ambitious feats of excellence and perfection, is to be looked for in the praises of a generous and enlight-

ened public. The public opinion, though silent, we are sure is strong, in praise of Mr. Cooper's merits. We too would join our voice to the general chorus of applause, and offer up with a sacred pleasure, the incense due to distinguished talents. Criticism, besides that it promotes the improvement of the general taste, has this effect, that while it is the avowed enemy of dulness and incapacity, it vindicates the rights and honours of true genius. Were some of our newspapers, which serve as vehicles for abuse and senseless declamation, oftener converted into instruments of impartial remark, the consequences would be important and salutary. The ideas of the people at large, would become more liberal and extended; their views would be turned to what is truly great, and worthy of admiration; and they would learn to discriminate bold and obtrusive impudence, from modest and unpresuming merit. We are sorry to observe, that scarcely any thing has yet appeared in our public papers, complimentary of Mr. Cooper. It is as difficult as it is ungenerous, to withhold praise from so illustrious an actor.

Excellence in comedy, and in the inferior walks of the drama, is within the attainment of ordinary abilities; but to rise to perfection in the high department of tragedy, and to superadd a grandeur and majesty to the conceptions of the tragic muse, demands those rare and powerful talents, which constitute a genius of the first order. It is too generally a mistake to confound the merit of the actor with that of the poet, whose thoughts and sentiments he represents; or to confine his praise to the exterior gifts of voice and figure. Much of the success of an actor depends upon his powers of fancy and sensiblity, and much upon the exercise of his judgment and good sense; for surely to represent with majesty and beauty, and give a just and noble expression to the thoughts of a Schiller or a Shakespeare, requires a perfection of judgment, and an ardour of imagination, little short of what the Poet himself must have possessed. Figure, voice, and gesticulation, though they are superficial endowments, when compared with other qualities a tragic actor ought to possess, nevertheless are necessary to complete the character. Hence, an accomplished genius for the stage, is of all others the most difficult to be found. It is difficult to find one, who unites to personal elegance, and the graces of delivery and action, fancy, judgment and sensibility.

With respect to external advantages, Mr. Cooper is undoubtedly the favourite of Nature. His figure, is beautiful; his voice perfect harmony; his action, graceful; and his countenance, admirably adapted for expressing all the higher and grander passions. We may select the dagger-scene in Macbeth, as an instance in which the skill and address of Mr. Cooper were strikingly displayed. It can hardly but have occurred to the generality of readers, that this soliloquy, though ennobled by the genius of Shakespeare, wants something of propriety. Its introduction is too abrupt;—the reader is not sufficiently prepared to feel with Macbeth, and to participate that horror, which raises up an apparition before his distempered fancy. This defect, however, disappears in the acting of Mr. Cooper; the dreadful interim is filled up with the most expressive silence, and the agitated feelings of Macbeth pourtrayed in all the colours that gesture and attitude can paint. If there is any fault to be found with his admirable acting, it is the studied and declamatory air his pauses sometimes have. The right adjustment of pauses, is without doubt one of the nicest and most difficult articles of delivery; it depends upon a just and delicate feeling of the author's spirit and meaning, and requires a closeness of attention, which the most powerful genius will find it difficult to support throughout a long tragedy. It, therefore, diminishes Mr. Cooper's

praise but little, to say that his pronunciation sometimes is destitute of force and passion. This defect strikingly appeared in the first scene of the fourth act, perhaps because it is a scene which more than any, requires a consummate and masterly execution. When the mind labours under the pressure of furious and over-ruling passions, and, about to have revealed to it its future destinies, shrinks back from the intrusion of guilty recollection, the air, voice and gesture have something in them better conceived than described; such is the state of Macbeth's mind, when he approaches the cave of witches. Nothing short of the most desperate passions could have driven him to an interview with the abhorred professors of sorcery and magic. The awfulness of the place too, where this dreadful colloquy is held, has every thing in it to excite the passions of perturbation and alarm. The scene, a gloomy cave, in which are performing the mysterious rites of witchcraft; the visit of Macbeth, which was to enquire into the events of futurity, and penetrate the secrets of fate; together with the awful and mysterious language of the witches, are conceived with all the force and grandeur of Shakespeare's imagination, and call for all the powers and strength of the actor's genius. The poet admirably paints the horror of Macbeth, in that short sentence he addresses to the witches—

> How now! ye secret, black and midnight hags!
>
> What is it you do!——

Whether from an indistinct and feeble conception of this part, or from an ill adjustment of the pauses, or from both combined, Mr. Cooper's pronunciation appeared cold and dispassionate. Every reader may perceive what sublimity this simple unaffected sentence gives to this scene; and how much in acting the effect is likely to be impaired, by a cold and languid pronunciation. The same remark applies with some force to the manner in which he pronounces some of the speeches of Hamlet, particularly Hamlet's address to the ghost, which wanted that thrilling horror, which genius and passion know how to transfuse into language. To notice a less considerable fault—the spirits conjured up by the incantations of the witches, are not seen by Macbeth, until they speak, who is supposed to be regarding their mystic ceremonies, and waiting, in dreadful expectation, for the spectres they invoked.

We particularly select Macbeth; because, after Richard the Third, and Othello, we think his performance of this tragedy his master-piece. We had flattered ourselves with the hopes of seeing him in the character of the Moor of Venice, before he should leave our city. It is impossible not to admire his Iago, as just and spirited; yet it is in the high and difficult characters of the drama, that Mr. Cooper's genius shines most. To mention every thing worthy of note, with the precision of a minute and circumstantial criticism, would require the compass of a volume. We disclaim that exceptious and uncandid spirit, which cavils at the slightest faults, and loves to dwell on the imperfections of genius; and we are content to lose sight of his blemishes in the general lustre of his talents. His faults, whatever they are, are far overbalanced by his excellencies, which indeed overpower criticism. Absolute perfection is not to be expected; there will always exist, even in the most perfect genius, some defect which human nature is incapable of guarding against. "*Ille optimus, qui minimis urgetur*," is a wise and a generous maxim; and Mr. Cooper has approached as near perfection, as it is within the power of human talents to attain.

C.

VARIETY.

Col. Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First's Judges, died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was confidently reported every where that the Protector was dead. "*No,*" said a gentleman who knew better, "*he has only given Bond to the devil for his future appearance.*

—

Men are sometimes accused of Pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

—

An old lady meeting a Cambridge student, asked him, how her nephew behaved himself? Truly, madam, says he, he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catherine Hall,* (the name of a college there.) I vow, said she, I feared as much; he had always *a hankering after the wenches from a boy*

—

The Bishop of I. and C. declared one day that the punishment used in schools, did not make the boys a whit better or more tractable. Lord C. insisted that whipping was of the utmost service, for every one must allow that it made a boy *smart*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

—

[In the former part of the present number, we have given a brief biography of Mrs. Faugieres. An obliging friend has favoured us with many of this lady's productions, and we shall, from time to time, present them to our readers. The following very sweet and simple verses, are among the best in the collection. "This piece deserves encomium," says our friend, "but that which every feeling heart will voluntarily bestow, will supercede whatever I may wish to say in its commendation."]

For the Pastime.

THE LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

BY THE LATE MRS. FAUGIERES.

The Sun's last sinking beam was seen
  Dancing upon the distant hills;
The flocks had left the dewy green—
  And softly chim'd the warbling rills:
When to enjoy the pensive hour
  I stray'd along the forest, slow,
And there, beneath a willowy bow'r,
  I spy'd the *Valley's Lilly* blow.

Sweet was the scent it shed around;
  Its silvery cups were steep'd in dew;
—But not one flow'ret near was found—
  Damp was the shade in which it grew.

Before the rising of the sun,
  I pluck'd an *opening rose* that morn,
But now its blushing tints were gone
  And all the tender leaves were torn.

No more I lov'd the beauteous *Bud,*
  I cast it, faded, from my breast;
And, bending o'er the clovery sod,
  I thus the *lonely Flow'r* addrest:

"Lilly, so fair, why here alone
  Dost thou delight thy sweets to spread?
Why lov'st to blossom all unknown
  Beneath the willow's cold damp shade?

"The *rustic eye* that roves this way
  Greets not thy beauties with a smile;
Nor will thy sweets a charm convey
  To the rude heart of *boisterous toil.*

"Oh! hadst thou bloom'd in some *Parterre*
  Thy leaves had borne a snowyer hue;
And *Beauty's* hand, with tender care,
  Had cropt the weeds that round thee grew.

"To cultivate thy rich perfume
  The sun had lent a kinder ray,
But *all neglected* dost thou bloom
  And *all neglected* wilt decay!"

I ceas'd—and pity's ready tear
  Flow'd fast; when soft as zephyr's play,
A voice, low whispering, met mine ear,
  And thus it sighing seem'd to say:

"Why should'st thou wish an humble flow'r,
  That loves the silent desert's gloom,
To shine the *Idol* of an hour
  And then to meet a shameful doom?

"I envy not the lot of those
  Who flourish in the gay *Parterre,*
While here, in quiet, I repose,
  Nor swell'd with pride, nor sunk with fear.

"The senseless hum of empty *praise,*
  And *cruel flattery* I resign,
Nor ask a more distinguish'd place,
  While peaceful solitude is mine.

"For well I know the transient joy
  A *Flower* can give, would soon be past,
Who most desir'd, would soonest cloy,
  And I be thrown away at last!

" See what return yon *rose bud* meets—
This morn thou took'st it from the stem,
To *thee* it gave its earliest sweets,
Bedeck'd with many an orient gem.

" Awhile it spread its blushes bland,
And shed its fragrant odours round;
But, soon as faded, *thy* rude hand
Ungrateful, cast it on the ground.

" Oh, had she lov'd to kiss the gale
Or drink Aurora's crimson beam,
Within some shadowy, winding vale,
Or by some rushing, frothy stream.

" Then had she to *perfection* grown,
And by no thankless spoiler priz'd,
Her charms, 'tis true, had ne'er been *known*,
But then, they ne'er had been *despis'd*."

A young lady who employs her scissars in extracting the superior productions which sometimes appear in the daily newspapers, like flowers in the desert, has permitted the editor to *rummage her work basket*. Marmontel, in his memoirs, tells a good story of Panard, a French writer, to whom he used to apply whenever he needed some choice poetry for his *Mercure*. Panard would tell him, *Rummage my Wig Box*, and Marmontel says that he seldom found the search profitless. We can pay our fair friend's work basket the same compliment. The selections which she has made do not a little honour to her taste; and that our readers may think as we do, we publish two of them, taken from English Journals of a remote date.

RESIGNATION.

The rose has its thorns; and the vi'let, tho' fair,
From its sweet purple leaves deadly poison supplies;
And when bright is the sky, soft and gentle the air,
How oft unexpected a storm will arise!
Yet who would, thro' fear, pass unnotic'd the rose,
Or shun the perfume of the vi'lets sweet breath?
Or shrink from the air, while the mild zephyr blows,
Lest a cloud, yet unseen, scatter tempest and death?

The thorn of the rose, when 'tis gather'd with care,
Has seldom been known the possesor to wound;
And the Peasant scarce shudders the tempest to bear
Rememb'ring the verdure it pours on the ground.
The poison conceal'd in the sweet vi'lets leaves,
Lies harmless till forc'd into action by art;
And the sorrows of life which mild Patience recieves,
Have lost half their power to torture the heart.

Bloom on, lovely rose; modest violet, bloom
Unhurt by the tempest, undrench'd by the rain.
Yet a canker, alas! may thy beauty consume
And scatter thy withering leaves on the plain.
But thy thorn is forgot while we think on thy sweets;
The tempest not dreaded, while clear is the sky;
And the heart which, resign'd, stern calamity meets,
Thinks on blessings receiv'd and represses the sigh.

SONNET,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

By Dermody.

Lo! o'er the welkin the tempestuous clouds
Successive fly; and the loud piping wind
Rocks the poor Sea Boy in the dripping shrouds—
While the pale Pilot, o'er the helm reclin'd,
Lists to the changeful storm:—and as he plies
His wakeful task, he oft bethinks him, sad,
Of wife, and little home, and chubby lad—
And the half strangled tear bedews his eyes.

I, on the deck, musing on themes forlorn,
Mark the drear tempest and the yawning deep,
Not dreading in the green sea's waves to sleep—
For not for me shall wife or children mourn;
And the wild winds shall ring my funeral knell
Sweetly as solemn peal of passing bell.

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